THE GHOST IN BROCADE.

BY FERGUS HUME.

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BOARDINGS, in fields, on the vers of magazines, on advertisement headed "S. S. S. appears with the regularity of Additional information is acto the curious by the expansion of these mystic signs into the words, "Sa-Salutary Sauce"-a condiment in-Sarah Brag to tickle the pal-

of a provincial journal, made a fortune out of it for both of them. He commenced quite in a small way by advertisthe columns he set up, while Sa renting suitable premises in the personally manufactured her inven The advertisements were read, the sauce was approved of, and as circles on the water its fame widened round the world. In twenty years Mr. and Mrs. their concern Into a limited liability company, retired to enjoy an old age of well-earned ease and comfort at Alliston Hall. "S. S. S." did its work ce fortune bestowed her

ors on the deserving. They were wholly unlike the million-aires of commerce or of fiction, these two. For they were neither anxious to get into ociety nor desirous of displaying their with ostentation. Mr. Brag, indeed, had rubbed off some of his natural roughness while shouldering his way through the world, but Sarah his wife was as much a cook as she had been Now she sat in the drawing-room, and could without doubt have up as a fine lady had she so desired. But her heart was ever in the back premises, and her visits there were by no means infrequent. She remained alway rough, warm-hearted woman, devoted to her home and to her husband. I knew her value better than any one, save perhaps Helen, and both of deed of Mr. Brag also. They were a typiand Mrs. Boffin

But who am I, you will ask-and who is ? Well, I who tell you this Geoffrey Beauchamp, an idle Oxonian and private secretary to Mr.

When I left Balliol, my father, failing s, took his loss of money and reputation so seriously that he died of a broken heart, and joined my mother in the next world, whither she had long prepenniless, and without a profession, I cast about for employment. I answered an advertisement for a secretary. In this way it was that I became acquainted with Mr. Brag. For three years past I have looked after his affairs-that is to say, I have written his letters, advised im as best I could, and have stood be tween his too kindly soul and the hungry horde of money-hunters. And he, on his part, has treated me more like a son than a paid servant, which I have not failed appreciate. So comfortable a position and so kindly a friend come not to every

Then there is Helen. She is looked upon as the daughter of the house. ndeed she is, seeing that she was born

When Sir Ralph Alliston died, after a spendthrift career, he left his only child without a penny. The Hall was sold and the proceeds went to pay off the mort-gages and the rest of the debts. So Helen, poor, helpless girl, had no choice but to go out as a governess. But Sarah Brag soon changed all that. She remembered Helen is a child, and when the Hall was purchased by the money made out of "S. S." she sought out the orphan and in-

As my own child," explained the goo soul; "seein' that 'J' and me ain't bin bless'd with babies. Not that I'm a lady, my dear, nor could ever have a daughter But we'll put it like that to satisfy the 'conveniences' of society."

fer so kindly and so liberally made. So she found existence made as pleasant for he as Mr. and Mrs. Brag could make it. Then came about that as I was young and ove with each other, much to the delight, be it said, of our patrons. Eventually it was arranged that I should be Helen's husband, and that she should expect to pherit the substantial profits from "S.

said Mrs. Brag, beaming, "you should take the name and arms of Alliston, by right of 'Elen here; so that when we are dead and gone the old family will still be in the old place where they have been for Lord knows what number of years. Think," cried Mrs. Brag jubilantly, "of the ancestors you'll have. Why, there's a church chockful of 'em-all knights and

bar'nites. Fine, ain't it?" I agreed that it was "fine," and with Helen's consent, indeed at her express wish, I promised the worthy couple to take the name of Alliston when I should lead the last scion of the family to the altar. And this was the position of affairs when the ghost came; and I do not think there were four happier people in the whole world up to that time. Lady

Lady Marian was the ghost's name. She had been a Georgian beauty a couple of hundred years ago-had rustled in silk-en brocade in the midst of Jacobite conracies. Her husband had preferred ag George to King James, and desirous given her to understand as much. But it would seem that excitement was th eath of Lady Marian's nostrils and she made the Hall a center of intrigues, which included the midnight visits of Jesuit priests, of French emissarles from his majesty over the water, and of squires, who cursed the Hanoverian in

band as well as a loyal subject, disapprovd of his wife's pranks, and accused her f using politics for the masking of in gues against his honor and her own. the lady, being of high spirit, denied the cusation, and swore never again to speak to her husband. He, more furious nd one evening found a masked gallant leaving her apartments. Without a mo-ment's hesitation he ran the intruder ed for some excursion. Dying, she arsed him and his, and declared she would haunt him and his descendants

'And she's kent her word!" said Mrs. Brag, who told me the story, "for when Walter died she walked down the pic are gallelry the night before. She always omes to tell when one of the family is o die. I 'eard as she was seen just before den's father went off, and when Lady Alliston died in giving birth to that dear

girl I saw the ghost myself," Nonsense, Mrs. Brag! There are no Euch things as ghosts," I said.

"Oh, ain't there? But there is. I tell you, as I am a livin', breathin' woman I Eaw the Lady Marian gliding along th picture gallery in brocade and 'igh-'eeled es, just as she word when alive." you seen the ghost since you

bought the hall, Mrs. Brag?" God forbid, my dear; for if Lady Macomes again it will only be to take away 'Elen, seein' as she's the last of

neducated person, firmly believed in the warning apparition, I was not surprised on returning from a month's holiday in Switzerland shortly before Christmas, to find her in a state of great alarm at the researance of her bugbear. Two weeks

high-heeled shoes, cane and all, had twice been seen in the picture-gallery-on each occasion at the midnight hour.

Mrs. Brag was certain that it meant Helen's death, and unable utterly to keep feeling of any kind to herself, had suc-ceeded in infecting the whole house with ceeded in infecting the whole house with he had attained. Yet apparently he was her fears. Not a servant would enter the as nervous and distraught now as any Long Gallery, as it was called, after dark; of the women. The ghost seemed to have and even Mr. Brag, skeptic as he was, been too much for him; to have knocked became uneasy when he came to think of hat it might mean.

The girl herself did not look so well as when I had left for my holiday. She was pale and thin, and singularly silent. Her eyes, too, seemed unnaturally bright. Afteyes, too, seemed unnaturally bright. Aft-er Mrs. Brag had delivered herself of the story, and had stated her intention of call-story, and had stated her intention of calling in the vicar to exercise the ghost. I

"My darling, you look ill," I said clasping her in my arms: "surely you do not

believe in all this nonsense."

She shivered. "I don't know," she said. nervously, "Both the housekeeper and the butler have seen the ghost, Mrs. Brag is always talking about it, and really I am beginning to think there must be some truth in it."

'Nonsense! nonsense! All this talk and fuss has made you nervous and ill; hasn't it. dear?"

"Yes, Geoffrey; I was quite well until the ghost came. I saw very plainly how matters stood.

Helen was sensitive and highly strung, and Mrs. Brag's foolish talk had wrought her up to such a pitch that the tortured nerves reacted on her delicate body. She was never a strong girl, but she was always very healthy. Worry was evidently what made her ill. I no longer wondered that the Allistons had died when Lady Marian was rumored to have appeared. They were a nervous race. I realized, therefore, that if I did not do something to exorcise this spirit, if such it were, Helen would become seriously ill, and might even die

"It is a good thing I returned," I said to Mr. Brag, when Helen retired to dress "That girl will die if this sort of thing goes on."

"I dessay, I dessay, Geoffrey; but how do you propose to stop it?" "Find out the trick, to be sure."

"But 'ow do you know it's a trick, Geoffrey?" "I'm sure of it. Tell me, have you seen

the ghost?" "Lor', no. I ain't a coward, Geoffrey, but wild 'orses wouldn't drag me to that gallery at night. I ain't seen it, but Par-

sons and Mrs. Jackson 'ave."
"Or think they have. What they have seen is some one dressed up as Lady Marian, mark me. Or else they suffer from hallucination. Parsons is sober, I

'Oh, yes; and even if he ain't, Mrs.

Jackson is. She never touches a drop to my knowledge. No, 'tain't drink, what-'And they both declare that they have seen the ghost?"

"Lor', yes. They take their oaths they Then it must be a trick. And if I catch the person who is playing it I'll-well, I'll make the false ghost a real one. Will you let me take charge of this

matter, Mr. Brag?"
"Of course, Geoffrey. I was just waitin' for you to come back. Find out what's wrong, and knock all this stuff out of

my old woman's head. She's mostly in 'And no wonder, when Helen looks so ill. Believe me, ghosts went out when gas came in. I think I shall manage to ove to you that this spectral lady Marian is very substantial flesh and blood." "But she may not be," urged Mr. Brag, somewhat dubiously. "Lots of these 'igh

the next world, I believe. Besides, who uld be playin' this wild trick?" 'Ah, that's just what we have to find the most exhaustive manner. They coroborated each other's story with such verisimilitude and wealth of detail as to ave no doubt in my mind of their good Evidently they had seen a bro-

aded lady in the picture gallery; but, of course, it could be no such thing as a visitant from the other world. That was where they went wrong. I was certain it was some one playing a trick.
"Oh, you may laugh, sir," said Mrs.

Jackson. She was such a stiff old dame. But I do assure you that I saw the ghost with my own eyes. I was coming through the long gallery from Miss Alliston's room, and in the moonlight it came on, I could hear distinctly the rustle of the dress, and as it swept past me I smelt a perfume like that of dried rose leaves. It was Lady Marian sure enough, as I sa from the portrait in the gallery. I fainted dead away, Mr. Beauchamp, sir; and when I came to myself it was gone." I confess to feeling a trifle uncomfortable at all this. Then Parsons took up the

"I didn't faint, sir, not bein' a woman, said he, "but my flesh was mighty creepy as it went past. I started at it like a tuck pig. though it was plain enough in the moonlight. It vanished all of a sudden by the painted winder at the end of

"What were you doing in the Long Gallery at that hour, Parsons?" "Comin' from master, sir. He'd a bad cold, and I took him up some 'ot rum and

water. I wouldn't go to that there gatlery again, sir, for all the crown jewels. It was a ghost, sure enough."

my tone that I did not think it was. "Call the servants, Parsons." In a few minutes all the domestics in

house were assembled, and a very white-faced crowd they were. Many of them would have been frightened away from the hall had it not been that the place was such a good one. I suppose, too, it was a case in which they felt there was comfort in numbers. I harangued them pretty freely for what I termed

their nonsensical fears.
"Men and women come to years of sense," I went on, "well-I'm surprised, How can you believe such rubbish. Some one of you is playing a trick; and who it is I shall find out, so beware all of you." Of course they protested vehemently. But that was to be expected. "However," I said, "you can take this warning from with a straight-shooting revolver, and if that ghost appears it shall have a taste of I am not going to have your master and mistress and Miss Alliston frightened

by this silly trick." ot of them away with more blood in their cheeks. Then I turned upstairs to dress for dinner. As I did so I noticed a pretty, timid-looking young woman whose face 1 did not recognize. She glanced at me uneasily, and was evidently disturbed."

'Who are you?" I asked, abruptly, pausing before her. 'Jane Riordan, sir," she replied with a urtsey. "I am new here."

'Under-housemaid, sir. Oh, please, sir, do you really think there is a ghost?" "No, you silly girl. The dead never return to this world."

Please, sir, what about the Witch of Endor and Samuel, sir?"
"Oh, you are a theologian, I see. Well, we won't discuss that apparition.

She shuddered, and looked over her houlder apprehensively.

"I am terribly efraid, sir, it's no use my it, Geoffrey, we'll shut up the house and shoulder apprehensively. denying it. I shall ask mistress to let me

said I in my mest peremptory manner. "Well, let me try my hand at exercising Mr. Brag, indeed, was considerably agi"Your going would only be the signal the thing, Mr. Brag. If I can't manage tated at this seeming confirmation of the

a sensible girl, until all this mystery is

"Oh, sir, but will it be cleared up? "Of course it will, and by a very sub-stantial leaden bullet, too. Now get on with your work and don't be a fool." I saw that there was only one way t deal with the thing, so that I spoke mo brusquely to the girl than I would have Besides, she irritated with fear. She was calculated to infect the rest of them, though they seemed tad enough as it was. I went off to dress

n no very good humor.

Mr. Brag's want of common sense over this affair amazed me. Usually he was a happy hunting ground of the ghost. cool-headed and legical man, as was conclusively proved by the position to which the grit out of him, so to speak. He was no more fit than a baby to deal with the situation. I put down his short-coming at

never ceased talking about it, and I suppose the strongest mind is in the end in fluenced by reiteration. It seemed as if Mr. Brag's were becoming unhinged.

I was glad that I had returned so op-portunely. At least if I could throw no light on the subject I could go to work with a cool head and an unprejudiced mind to clear it up.

Mrs. Brag continued to talk of little else but the ghost, whose appearance she seemed to think was quite in keeping with season. It was astounding the number of legends she seemed to have accuiulated. Headless phantoms, churchyard apparitions, ghosts in armour with clanking chains and "presences," who she said could not be seen but only felt in the most hor inc way-upon all these she descanted in the most appalling manner. Helen shuddered, Mr. Brag shook his head portentously, and I must confess that even I felt uncomfortable. The old lady seemed so to environ us with the atmosphere of the supernatural that when a coal dropped from the fire we all jumped, and she shricked. It was really a most terrible state of things, especially for Christmas.

I asked her about Jane Riordan, My nestion fortunately turned the subject, or it seemed that Mrs. Brag had a good deal to say about this young woman.

"Ah," she said, "hers is a sad history, my dear. Her father and mother were dear. Her lather and mother were feller-servants of mine when I was cook here. The name wasn't Riordan, for that's Jane's married name. Craik's what we called 'em-'Enry and Liza Craik, butler and housekeeper.'

Helen looked up with interest. "Henry Craik?" she said, "why, that was the man who stole my mother's jewels!" "The same, my dear. Oh, he was a bad one, he was; yet you'd think butter wouldn't melt in 'is mouth to look at 'im. Liza was always sayin' as 'e 'd die in gaol and disgrace 'er, and 'e did."

"Were the jewels recoverd, Mrs. Brag?"
"No, Geoffrey, they weren't. My lady missed 'em one morning after a ball 'ere when the 'ouse was full of guests. The whole box was stolen-five or six thousand pounds' worth, no less; and she only saved what she wore at the ball. All kinds of people were suspected of 'avin' gone to 'er room and taken 'em, but no one

thought as Craik had done it." "I heard something of the story my self," observed Mr. Brag. "He was caugh selling a bracelet, wasn't he?"
"Yes, J., he was. He got leave to visit

a dying friend in London, the old fox; and the friend was a pawnbroker, and 'e told the police, seein' as 'e recognized the bracelet from the 'and bills put about. Craik was arrested and sent to gaol for years. He died there, and they never got anything out of 'im. Where he hid the jewels no one knows, and no one ever will, my dears; for twenty years 'ave gone by since they were stolen "And how does Jane Riordan come to be

here?" I asked. "Her mother died the other day and sent her to me, my dear. 'Liza and I were say as I liked 'er over much, she was s!y and deceitful; but I don't think she had anything to do with Craik's stealing the He was bad enough to do that by himself. When he died in gaol Liza wrote to me, and I sent her money to bring up Jane. Then Jane married a bad husband, who left 'er, and when Liza died she came 'ere and asked me to 'elp 'er for 'er moth-er's sake. So I made 'er under-'ousemaid. think she's a fool, Geoffrey, but honest

enough." appeared to be nervous, however. "And no wonder, with this 'orrid ghost," cried Mrs. Brag, looking round. "I tell you what, J., if you don't get the parson to exorcise that thing, I'll leave the 'ouse

"Steady old lady, we must see wha Geoffrey can do first. He's watching in the Long Gallery to-night." 'Oh, Geoffrey, the ghost'll 'ave you for

"The ghost will have a dose of lead, Mrs. Brag. If you hear a shot, don't be alarmed."

hey're shadows, my dear. You can see through 'em." daresay. I never saw one myself But this ghost is pretty substantial, I'll be bound. But tell me, Mrs. Brag, was

anything every found out about the jew-"No!" said Helen, before the old lady culd answer. "I remember my father searched everywhere for them, and ofout he refused to say what he had done

with them, and Mrs. Craik protested she new nothing about it. They have been lost for years now. "H'm! I wonder if Jane Riordan knows

anything about them.' "That she don't," said Mrs. Brag, with

energy. "Liza was an honest woman, I know; and the gal seems straight enough. If they'd 'ad the jewels they wouldn't "Still, Craik might have told his wife

"No, Geoffrey, dear. She'd 'ave come to my lady or Sir Ralph about them, and got paid for bringing 'em back. If she knew anything she'd 'ave told for 'er own sake; for she was as poor as poor.

"I'll question Jane myself," said I, after some thought. "If these jewels could be recovered they would suit Helen very

"If it's jewels she wants I will give 'er eaps. Won't I, J.?" "She's only to ask and to 'ave," said Mr.

Brag; "but I wish I saw you more rosy and 'ealthy, my dear."
"I'm afraid this ghost is upsetting my nerves terribly," said Helen; "do what i will I can't help thinking about it." "Oh, J., can't we 'ave some 'oly water

and get it away?" implored Mrs. Brag.
"Oly water, no. I won't have no popery here, Sarah. S. S. S. shall never go to fatten the priests if I can 'elp it. I'm

surprised at you, I am." "She is overwrought, Mr. Brag," said Helen, rising. "Indeed, I think we all are, with this horrid Lady Marian about. Come along to bed, Mrs. Brag. I'll come "You'll have to stay with me all night,

my dear," whimpered the old lady, "for I don't know as Geoffrey firin' off pistols won't be as bad as the ghost. Are you going to stay up. too, J.?"

"There is no necessity," I interposed.
'I can watch quite well alone. When Mr. Brag hears a shot he can come to me "Oh, I'll come fast enough," said the

old man, sturdily; "tain't fiesh and blood I'm scared of, though I own I don't like must just look upon that as a miracle and the other thing. However, if the blessed not be afraid." it's quite certain we've got to put a stop go abroad. I'm getting quite skeery my-

for general flight. You'll stay here like it we'll do what you say. Helen will die if this sort of thing goes on."
"Lord, you don't think it's come for

> "No, I don't. It is some trick, I tell Leave me to find it out. Mr. Brag shook his head doubtfully and retired to bed in his turn. Left alone, I started on an exploration of the house with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. I examined all the doors and windows, and found them securely solted and barred. I looked into what rooms I could, from cellar to attic, and found them empty. It was quite clear that beyond the inmates of the house there was no one. Then I made for the

It had lately been snowing, but now the night was frosty and clear. A bright moon dispelled the darkness, and the white world without was as clear as day.
The Long Gallery stretched the whole ength of the west wing. On one side a ow of tall windows admitted a good light on to the pictures on the opposite wall. There was a fair collection of these, but ne Allistons had never been sufficiently artistic in their tastes or sufficiently acute their judgment to acquire master-

The portralis of Helen's ancestors were f most interest to me. There was a long eries of them, dating from the Tudos time and representing some of the best work of the masters. These were let into the oak paneling with their gilded frames, and could not be detached from the wall. At the farther end of the gallery was an ornate window of stained glass, and through this the moonlight fell, now weaving colored arabesques on the floor and portraits. Here I paused before the picture of Lady Marian Alliston. She must have been a supremely beau-

iful woman, this Jacobite conspirator,

with the high spirit and strong will. Here he was portrayed as tall and stately of igure. A proud expression was on her est of white hands she gripped a walk-ng cane. In a dress of rich brocade, with ewels on neck and arms, red-heeled hoes, and the towering head-dress of e period, she looked every inch a queen, nd in her day must surely have moved and ruled as one. I could imagine those mperious brows frowning at the mention of the elector! I could fancy those firm lips speaking the curse on her too hasty husband. There was something about this fair dead woman which reminded me of eatrix Esmond; filled with the joy of ife and born to dominate by the power of beauty and intellect. Yet she failed as Thackeray's heroine failed; but died ore nobly, in the prime of loveliness without withering out into sad old age Had Sir Walter's rapier not struck through the proud heart she might have been a Sarah Jennings. As it was she was thwarted by fate; and it was her sad destiny to appear as a bird of ill-omen to those who sat in her seat of

hantom would descend to scaring an old ook and her plebian husband. How iron-But all this preamble leads to nothing. Although I watched in the gallery until dawn I saw no ghost. It was bitterly old; and the vigil was uncomfortable and n vain. Lady Mariar did rot appear. I id not even hear the rustle of her skirts, much less set eyes on her face; and when descended to breakfast, after an hour or so of sleep, it was to laugh at the

Yet I could imagine her wrath

when alive at the idea that her fair

uperstitions of my friends "It is as I thought," said I. "Parsons and Mrs. Jackson both dreamed they saw the phantom. Lady Marian is too wise to revisit the scene of her death.' "Ah, but she don't appear every night."

protested Mrs. Brag, wisely. "You walt, Goeffrey. She'll freeze you blood yet." "Not while she knows that an armed watcher has his eye on her, Mrs. Brag." "You still believe it is a trick, Goef-

"If Lady Marian's phantom is not mere ly the creation of Parson's and Mrs. Jackson's dreams, I still believe it is a

But trick or no trick, all my vigils were in vain. Night after night for quite two weeks I watched in that infernal gallery born in the village and lived here for years as 'ousekeeper and cook. I can't withstanding my disappointment I could withstanding my disappointment I could withstanding my disappointment I could be seen to be not rid myself of the feeling that there was some mystery about the apparition. It was possible that my public announce ment to shoot the so-called ghost had cared the person, who, I truly believed, epresented it. With this idea I went on new tack, and once more assembled the

more or less," I said, "and no ghost has come to scare me. Therefore, I believe Mr. Parsons and Mrs. Jackson have been deceived in thinking they saw one. There is no phantom here, so you can all set your minds at rest. For my part," and so phantom here, so your minds at rest. For my part," and this was the most important point of my speech, "I intend to watch no more. If Lady Marian comes again she must go without an audience. Now all of you go newly, and let me have no more of this. away, and let me have no more of this head dress and the brocade skirt.

better than to protest openly, and went my old woman to give her one as a spe away with the rest of the servants to cial favor; and for Eliza Craik's grumble in secret. An air of calm pervaded the tale, and Mrs. Brag began to pluck

The room was reached and we for mon sense had exorcised the ghost so far,

night be, would find me waiting. For two or three nights the gallery was Jane Riordan had tricked her. empty as the palm of my hand. But on "I wonder how she the fourth night my chance came, and lady's jewels," she said.

hining through the clear glass of the side expanse of srow made the gallery almost as brilliant as day. I was hidden behind curtain midway along the gallery, and half drowsily was looking out into the naze of shadow and silver radiance. Suddenly in the absolute stillness I heard a faint sound. It was a tapping of heels, the rustle of silk skirts, and in a moment der the painted window I saw the ghost. It appeared from nowhere, and I must onfess it startled me very considerably.

It was Lady Marian sure enough, I

confess it startled me very considerably. It was Lady Marian sure enough. I was sufficently close to it to see that. There she stcod, with the tall head-dress and cane, and rich brocaded gown, exactly as she was represented in her portrait. I caught just a glimpse of her face, but it was not sufficient for me to say with certainty whether it was identical with that in the picture. But the figure was certainly the same. I sat quite still and watched, and waited, one finger ready on the trigger of my revolver.

With the clacking sound described by Mrs. Jackson, it came down the gallery. The stick tapped, and the long train rustled, and the moonlight played upon the rich hues of the brocade. It did not learn from her husband the wall fingering the frames in order to the wall fingering the frames in order to ward off suspicion. From her looks I in never thought she would be so clever."

"Ah, my. dear," said Mrs. Brag, "she married a scamp, and. I dare say, after to ward off suspicion. From her looks I in never thought she would be so clever."

"Ah, my. dear," said Mrs. Brag, "she married a scamp, and. I dare say, after to the trick."

"She brought the dress with her, I suppose?"

"She must have; and it was to carry on he frames and passing its white hand over the surface. At times it stopped, and with bent head scrutinized more closely the fraces of the portraits. Then it began to glide back more swiftly than it had come. I rose, perhaps too incautiously, and I must have made some noise, for before I could raise my revolver to take aim the gbost started. retreated rapidly toward the painted window, and vanished.

"I was Helen who said this, and I who replied.

"We, l expect Mrs. Craik was either afraid or did not learn from her husband to helind which picture the jewels were hidden. I expect ther reason was the last; gardior did not learn from her husband to helind which picture the jewels was the last; gardior did not learn from her husband the heal of the wall fingering the frames in order to the wall fingering t the painted window, and vanished.

the painted window, and vanished.
Yes, before my very eyes it vanished. I hurried to the spot where I had last seen it, but not a trace of anything could I find. Unless it had dropped through the floor or had passed through a solid wall, I could not see, for the life of me, how it had got away. Could it be a true phantom after all? No, my reason wouldn't allow such a supposition. Beyond doubt it was flesh and blood—some member of the household got up to resemble. Lady Marian. I was more than ever perplexed.

I related everything to Mr. Brag next morning, but he kept my story carefully from his wife and Helen. They were recovering their spirits somewhat, and it would not do to damp them again by saying that I had seen the thing myself.
Mr. Brag, indeed, was considerably agitated at this seeming confirmation of the it.

could do to talk him out of the convic tion that spiritual it was. "But what on earth can it be, man?"

"Well," I replied, "I have some sort of idea, but at present I won't state it lest I should prove to be wrong. I propose that you watch with me to-night, Mr. Brag, and together we'll see if we can' unmask the ghost." "But do you think it will come again to

"I can't say. Perhaps not, It may be that the trickster, whoever it may has had a fright and will delay furthe the house, I am convinced of that. When I announced that I would watch, nothin was seen of it. But directly I said I would give up watching, Lady Marian appears. What we must do is to watch

regularly Mr. Brag, even should it not

appear for a week or more. It turned out that I was right. Night after night we concealed ourselves behind the curtain, I with my revolver, Brag with a large dinner-bell, with which he intended alarming the house when Lady Marian was captured. This went on for no less than ten nights. Then I took Mrs Brag and Helen into confidence, and arranged a pretended departure from the use. I went off to London with great uss and ceremony. But I got out of th train at the first station and returned to the hall by road secretly. And 'clock that night Brag and I were in our ilding-places once more. And it was Christmas eve, the very time ghosts should be abroad, according to

legend. "Now," I whispered, "the ghost is off its guard; take my word for it he or she, whichever it is, will come." Brag said nothing, but gripped viciously at the han-

dle of his dinner bell.

It fell out as I had anticipated. Shortly after midnight Lady Marian reappeared in the same guise as before. I could hear Brag's teeth chattering as he saw the apparition. The moonlight was as strong as it had been on the previous occasion, and Lady Marian, clacking and tapping as be fore, moved through it in precisely the same way. She glided along by the pictures and fingered the frames. Suddenly we heard her give a joyous exclamation. and there was a sliding sound as of som thing pushed back. A portrait vanishe and a black cavity was seen in its place. Now was the time. I jumped up, and oising my revolver fired as truly as I uld, and at the same moment Brag's cell clanged out vigorously. There was a shriek and a hurried scamper. efore the ghost of Lady Marian vanished before we could reach the spot.

"Where the deuce has she gone? Brag, who was still ringing his bell hard. "Through a sliding panel," I replied, guessing the means of exit was through

As I lighted the lamp there was mor ncise and pattering of feet, and the halfdressed servants in all stages of deshabille and alarm came crowding into the gallery. Some carried lights, others pokers and sticks, but one and all were as frightened as they well could be.

And no wonder; for the clamor Brag's bell was enough to wake the dead. Then came Helen and Mrs. Brag fully dressed, for they both had waited up witness the success of my scheme. And it was a success-greater than

had dared to dream. As I said, a picture that of Lady Marian-had vanished; that is, it had slid back into the wall, leaving a eavity which we proceeded to exami-Therein we found an iron box fast locked. Brag soon had it torn open, to find that it contained velvet-lined drawers and trays all heaped with the most splendid jewelry. Gold, diamonds, rubies, emer-alds—the mass glittered like a rainbow. "See, Helen, your mother's long lost jewels. So this is what the ghost of Ludy

Marian came for. "My gracious!" cried Mrs. Brag. dropping on her knees. "Look, my dear, all my Lady's jewels! You'll wear them at your wedding after all." But Helen did not look at them. She

just stared at me, nervous and shaking. "Geoffrey, who is the ghost?" "Cannot you guess? Jane Riordan." "Impossible! Isn't she here?"
"No, miss," said Parsons, glancing at the servants, "she ain't with us."

"Oh, Geoffrey, I hope you haven't shot "Serve 'er right if 'e 'as," cried Brag. "But don't cry, my pretty, she went through another sliding panel. Come, Geoffrey, let us look."

"The spring is in the frame, Mr. Brag. I am sure of that? Instantly a dozen hands were busy with the frames, and we soon came spring in that of a picture at the far end of the gallery. It opened noiselessly, and I stepped into the open space, followed by Brag bearing the lamp. We

ubbish."

"She stripped herself to get away," said
Brag, nodding. "Let us go to her room. dignant at my aspersions, but they knew | She has one to herself, you know. Asked

up courage. Also Helen, to prove what empty, with the ast remnants of the disundermining her health, became guise on the floor. On going to the back more cheerful and less hysterical. My com- door we discovered that it was open, and through it Jane Riordan had vanished into

but it had not solved the mystery. Determined to fathom this I still continued to watch in the gallery. But no one knew of my vigils, not even Helen, so if the trickster came, he or she, whatsoever it was filled with anger at the way in which

"I wonder how she knew about my with it the ghost.

It was about midnight, and the moon that," I replied. "The father must have told his wife where he had hidden them. windows and reflecting her light from an I daresay he intended to fetch them him self when he came out of gaol. But he died before his sentence expired. However, he let his wife know, and she, of course, told Jane, who came here and tried to get them by masquerading as Lady Marian's ghost."

Lady Marian's ghost."
"And Eliza must have told her that story, Geoffrey. We often talked of the ghost. Oh, what a wicked woman!"
"But I wonder why Mrs. Craik, being poor, did not try to get the jewels for herself. She would hardly wait twenty years before doing so." before doing so."

It was Helen who said this, and I who

I am."
"Yes, thank goodness, she's gone," said

and we never saw her again.

NEW ANTI-SEMITE CRY

A Jew in Austria Charged system of the physical with Ritnel Murder without at all professing to be physicanowith Ritual Murder.

RELIC OF BIGOTRY OF DARK AGES

Allegation that He Murdered a Christian Girl Because Her Blood Was Wanted for a Passover Sacrifice—This Is the Wild Accusation Against Which Jews All Over the World Protest - The Story of the formed in just this way. Few, indeed, will be found mexperienced enough to re-Murder and Subsequent Trial.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. Anti-Semitism has taken a new turn in Austria. Recently a Jew named Huisner, who apparently was not in good standing in the synagogue, was convicted of mur-dering a young Czech girl in Polna, a Bolering a young Czech girl in Polna, a Bohemian village. The evidence against him would not be considered strong in this country. As a matter of fact, the testi-mony adduced did not in any particular point to him directly as the murderer.

ome. The suspicions of the authorities are at once directed toward one Leopold were at once directed toward one Leopold Hulsner, a poor and ignorant Jew, who was in love with a Chrisitan girl, and who had taken steps to renounce his own religion in order to be able to marry her. There seemed to be no evidence to connect him with the crime, much less to make the crime a religious one.

'The murder had taken place about the time for the celebration of the Jewish

The murder had taken place about the time for the celebration of the Jewish Passover, and that was enough. The anti-Semitic papers of Vienna took up the affair at once and presented it in all seriousness to their readers as a clear case of ritual crime. Their colleagues about the whole country echoed the cry, until the Jews were compelled to defend themselves.

"All the rabbis of Vienna joined in written statement, declaring that never had the Jewish religion required or coun-teranced such a crime. Protest meetings were held everywhere, and at one of spoken of in the community in which he these Dr. Gudemann, chief rabbi of lived. Still he was only an 83.33 man and Vienna, took a solemn public oath that it was hinted that Inspector Shea posthere was not one and had never been any foundation for the charge that the ever wearing chevrons unless he charged in his funny habits. the Jewish ritual. In defending his own faith, he referred to some of the crimes Madison street bridge. He was a committed by Christians in the name of man and often had stopped a street car religion. Capital was made of the anti-Semites, and, according to the latest news I have received, two of their leaders have waiting to be relieved the bridge was cited Dr. Gudemann to answer in court swung and William stood on guard at o the charge of having insulted another

religious society.
"The trial of Hulsner did not take place religious society.

"The trial of Hulsner did not take place until September II. It lasted for five days. Several leading anti-Semites were present. Neither they nor the public used once the well-known expression "titual crime," and yet that was constantly hinted at during the trial. The result was that the court found Hulsner guilty and sentenced him to death by hanging.

"A few days later the authorities of Kuttenberg, where the trial was held, reported that Hulsner had confessed that two other Jews, Josua Eberman, of Trebitsch, and Sofomon Wasserman, of Windig-Jenikan, had committed the murder while he kept guard. My latest information is that the accused men were arrested, and that each proved an alibi; that Hulsner on his first reappearance in open court said that torture had been employed to force him into a confession, and, finally, that the mother and brother of the dead girl have been arrested, charged with having murdered her to save the brother the necessity of paying her portion of their common paternal inheritance.

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"The care against Huisner has been appeaied and is now pending in the higher courts. The Jews of Austria are naturally anxious to see the man's innocence proved that being the best refutation of all charges, but they have all along left the question of guilt or criminality to be decided by the court, protesting only against the efforts to make the Jewish religion responsible for the crime."

From the New York Press,

Among other improvements in the art

ness," he says, "was the gallant behavior of a little midshipman, a mere child, thirteen or fourteen years of age. About the time when the fire became pretty hot, I happened to come across him, and, as he seemed to be as much out of a job as myself, I touched my cap, and took the liberty of observing that it was a fine day, to which he politely replied that it was. Encouraged by his urbanity, I ventured to ask him how long he had been at sea, to which he answered, 'I have only left my mamma six weeks, but I sin't going to cry on her majesty's quarterdeck,' a remark which I think as worth recording as many a one made by more illustrious heroes. Soon after this, however, a man was killed close to him, and the little fellow fainted and was taken below."

HOW TO SPOT A LIAR.

Detectives Do It by the Little Tricks of His

mists frequently are led to form opinions about their neighbors by purely physiog-nomical signs. We often hear a man say, That man Jones is the biggest fool in town. He has the most foolish, expresionless, bovine pair of eyes I've ever seen." Young parents, in particular, are fond of planning bright futures for their children, basing their judgment entirely "on a most wonderfully intelligent look in pose any confidence in a man having a pair of round, shifting eyes, closely set to-gether in the head and usually accompanied by a pair of narrow, sloping shoul-ders. This is the makeup of a typical sneak thief. But a man not knowing this will still say, "I don't like his looks, He

mound not be considered strong in mist, tries to form positive judgments would not be considered strong in the control of the the same movement as results in to avoid too strong a light. The thus seems to be equally susceptif

POLICEMAN DID NOT DRINK.

Tried to Save a Prowning Man, but Lost His Own Life. From the Chicago Chronicle.
Once there was a west side police officer who didn't drink. That is, he didn't drink intoxicating liquors or water. For break-fast he drank coffee; at noontime he drank a glass of milk, furnished by the good restaurant man on the corner; when

evening had come he went home and took three cups of tea with his wife and his supper. The name of this excellent officer was William Best, and he was very highly spoken of in the community in which he lived. Still he was only an 83.32 man and sessed private doubts about William's

Officer Best's post of duty was at the

One November evening just as he the edge of the street, having put up the chain, with his club upraised in warning. A man who staggered sorely approached

Prom the New York Press.

Among other improvements in the art of war, as attained by the world in these later years, is the abolition of the practice of sending children to sea, as was the case when the midshipmen of the old "oak walls" of England often were boys of less than fourteen years.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in telling about the siege of Bomarsund, in the Crimean war, which he witnessed from the frigate Penelope, tells this story of one of these little fellows: "What pleased me most during the whole business," he says, "wes the gallant behavior of a little midshipman, a mere child the.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"No, sir, there is no hope for it! This once great nation of ours is on its ever-lasting way to the eternal dogs." "You speak warmly. Are you a member of the Massachusetts Reform Club?" "No, I'm the husband of a female post-

Before Christmas.

From the Chicago Record. "Say, ma!"
"What, Freddy?"

"If I wuz as good as this all th' time I'd git sick an' die, wouldn't I?"